TEAM FORTRESS®

#5

VALVE®

GRAY GRAVEL CO.
...BY THE TIME WE GOT THERE, MOST OF THE AUSTRALIUM WAS GONE.
HONESTLY, MANN, IT DIDN'T SOUND LIKE THERE WAS MUCH LEFT ANYWAY.

GRAY GRAVEL CO.

...BY THE TIME WE GOT THERE, MOST OF THE AUSTRALIUM WAS GONE.

HONESTLY, MANN, IT DIDN'T SOUND LIKE THERE WAS MUCH LEFT ANYWAY.

:SIGH:

WELL, NO MATTER. IT'S ***TRIVIAL*** COMPARED TO WHAT THE OLD WOMAN HAS MANAGED TO STOCKPILE.

YOU'RE CLOSE TO IDENTIFYING HER LOCATION?

WE'RE INTERROGATIN' 'EM NOW. SHOULD HAVE SOMETHIN' FOR YOU WITHIN THE HOUR.

Y'KNOW, I NEVER UNDERSTOOD YOU WORLD DOMINATION GUYS.

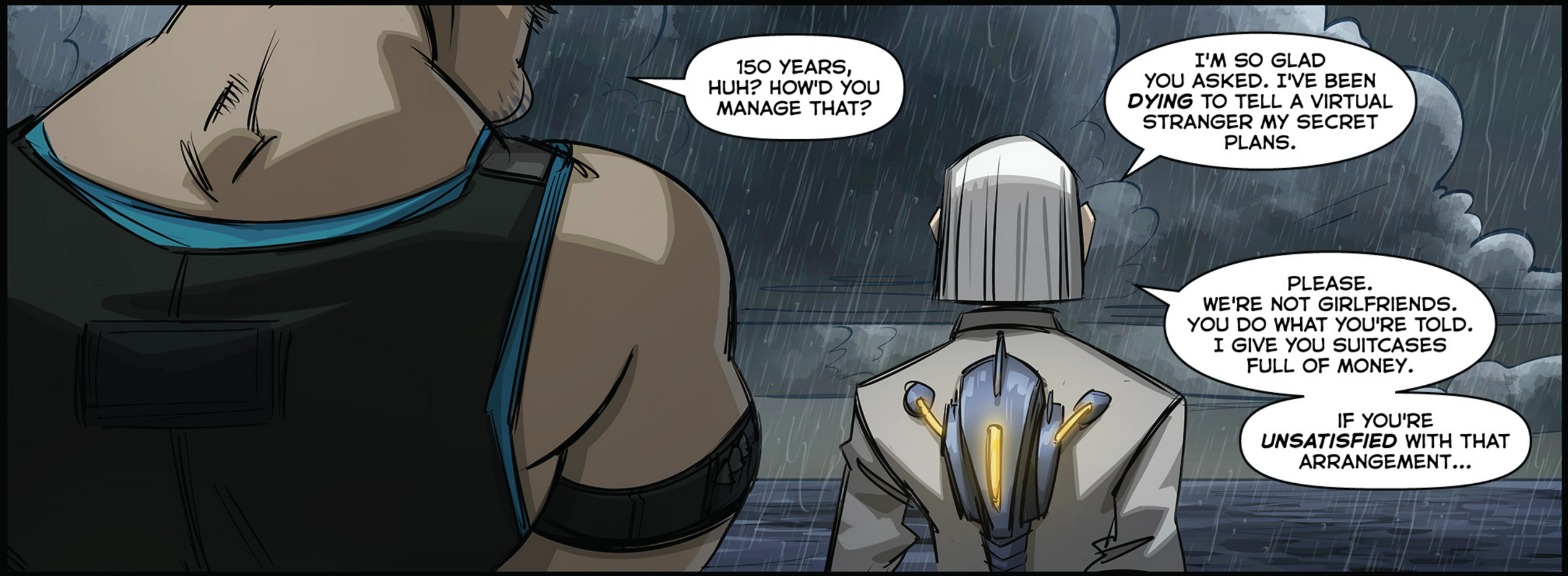
TOO MUCH ***WORK.***

I MEAN— WHEN'RE YOU GONNA GET TO ***ENJOY*** IT? YOU'LL BE A HUNDRED GODDAMN YEARS OLD BY THE TIME YOU TAKE OVER THE WORLD.

MM.

CLOSER TO ***150*** GODDAMN YEARS, BY MY ESTIMATE.

LUCKILY, I WAS SMART ENOUGH TO PLAN ***AHEAD.***


150 YEARS, HUH? HOW'D YOU MANAGE THAT?
I'M SO GLAD YOU ASKED. I'VE BEEN *DYING* TO TELL A VIRTUAL STRANGER MY SECRET PLANS.
PLEASE. WE'RE NOT GIRLFRIENDS. YOU DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD. I GIVE YOU SUITCASES FULL OF MONEY.
IF YOU'RE *UNSATISFIED* WITH THAT ARRANGEMENT...

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IF YOU'RE ***UNSATISFIED*** WITH THAT ARRANGEMENT...

NAW, THE MONEY'S GOOD.

I'M JUST STARTIN' TO WONDER ABOUT THOSE ROCKS YOU BEEN SENDIN' US AFTER.

MM. THAT'S QUITE A MYSTERY. PERHAPS ONCE YOU RETIRE WITH ALL MY MONEY, YOU CAN START AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE AGENCY.

BUT FOR NOW, ALL I NEED IS YOUR ***MUSCLE.***

I'M THE BRAINS.

YEAH, WELL...

THEY MUST BE RUBBIN' OFF.

'CAUSE NOW YOU GOT ***ME*** THINKIN'.

THE BOYS AND I...

WE AIN'T GETTIN' ANY YOUNGER.

SNAG

GLGK

MAGGOT, YOU HAVE PICKED THE ***WRONG MAN*** TO INTERROGATE!

I HAVE ***DREAMED*** OF THE DAY WHEN I FINALLY KNEW SOMETHING WORTH RESISTING TORTURE OVER!

YOU DO YOUR WORST! I AM ***HAPPY*** TO DIE! HOLDING MY OWN GUTS IN! LYING TO MYSELF THAT I'M GOING TO MAKE IT! CRADLING MY BROKEN BODY IN MY ARMS WHILE I SCREAM AT THE SKY!

NOT SECRETS, THOUGH! THE ONLY THINGS THE SKY'S PRYING OUT OF ***THIS*** COURAGE-HOLE ARE COMMONLY KNOWN FACTS! BECAUSE ***I AM A VAULT!***

PART FIVE:

OLD WOUNDS

I ADMIT YOU'VE PROVEN ***RESILIENT***, MISTER DOE.

BIZARRELY ***ENTHUSIASTIC***, EVEN.

OORAH.

THOUGH I SHOULD POINT OUT I HAVEN'T ASKED YOU ANY ***QUESTIONS*** YET.

WELL, DON'T WASTE TOO MUCH TIME THINKING ANY ***UP***, LADY.

ALL YOU'RE GETTING FROM ***THIS*** ACTUAL MARINE IS NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER.

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IS...

THE ADMINISTRATOR.

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OORAH.

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WELL, DON'T WASTE TOO MUCH TIME THINKING ANY ***UP***, LADY.

ALL YOU'RE GETTING FROM ***THIS*** ACTUAL MARINE IS NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER.

OH, FOR...

I DON'T EVEN ***KNOW*** THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE. ONLY MISS PAULING KNOWS THAT.

ASK ME SOMETHING I ***DO*** KNOW! BECAUSE I WILL STAY ***BRAVELY SILENT!***

SO.

MISS PAULING KNOWS.

WHERE...

IS...

THE ADMINISTRATOR.

I—

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ASK ME SOMETHING I ***DO*** KNOW! BECAUSE I WILL STAY ***BRAVELY SILENT!***

SO.

MISS PAULING KNOWS.

WHERE...

IS...

THE ADMINISTRATOR.

I—

YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE TO TORTURE THAT OUT OF ME.

"TORTURE" IMPLIES THAT YOU STILL HAVE SOMETHING I NEED, MISTER DOE.
VZZZZZ

"TORTURE" IMPLIES THAT YOU STILL HAVE SOMETHING I *NEED*, MISTER DOE.
VZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
THIS IS JUST ME KILLING YOU SLOWLY.
AARRRGH!
PLEASE.
IF YOU MUST TORTURE SOMEONE FOR NO REASON...
TORTURE *ME*.

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.
:AH HUH:
:AH HUH:
YOU'RE NEXT.

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.
AH HUH
AH HUH
YOU'RE NEXT.
VZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
AAGH!
AAAAGGH!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.
AH HUH
AH HUH
YOU'RE NEXT.
AAGH!
AAAAGGH!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.
AH HUH
AH HUH
YOU'RE NEXT.
VZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
AAGH!
AAAAGGH!
GOT ANOTHER ONE FOR YA, BEA.

WHAT DO WE NEED TO KNOW FROM HIM?

NOTHIN'. HE'S WORTHLESS.

OH...

WELL HELL, BEA...

...HE PROBABLY KNOWS *SOMETHIN'*, RIGHT?

GO FISHIN'.

HA! WAIT.

WHAT THE HELL AM I *THINKIN'*?

ALMOST FORGOT THIS.

WHAT DO WE NEED TO KNOW FROM HIM?

NOTHIN'. HE'S WORTHLESS.

OH...

WELL HELL, BEA...

...HE PROBABLY KNOWS *SOMETHIN'*, RIGHT?

GO FISHIN'.

HA! WAIT.

WHAT THE HELL AM I *THINKIN'*?

RRRRIP

PACE YOURSELF, BEA.

THERE'S MORE ON THE WAY.

VZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
AGH!
AAAGGH!
AAAAAGGH!
AAAGGH!
AAAAAAAGGH!

VZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
AGH!
AAAGGH!
AAAAAGGH!
AAAGGH!
AAAAAAAGGH!

AGH!

AAAGGH!

AAAAGGH!

AAAGGH!

AAAAAAGGH!

AARRRGH

WHAP

HOW DID...

VIII

VZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
AGH!
AAAGGH!
AAAAAGGH!
AAAGGH!
AAAAAAAGGH!
AARRGH
WHAP
HOW DID...
SHNK

AGH!

AAAGGH!

AAAAAGGH!

AAAGGH!

AAAAAAAGGH!

AAAAAAAGGH!

AARRRGH

WHAP

HOW DID...

SHNK

KCHNK

PAW-WMPH

NICE WORK, ZHANNA!

HOW'D YOU GET OUT OF THOSE HANDCUFFS?

WAIT, I KNOW. THE OLLLD DISLOCATING THUMB TRICK.

YES. I TRY THIS TRICK.

IT DID NOT WORK. IT JUST HURT MY THUMB.

THEN HOW DID YOU...

PAW-WMPH

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HOW'D YOU GET OUT OF THOSE HANDCUFFS?

WAIT, I KNOW. THE OLLLD DISLOCATING THUMB TRICK.

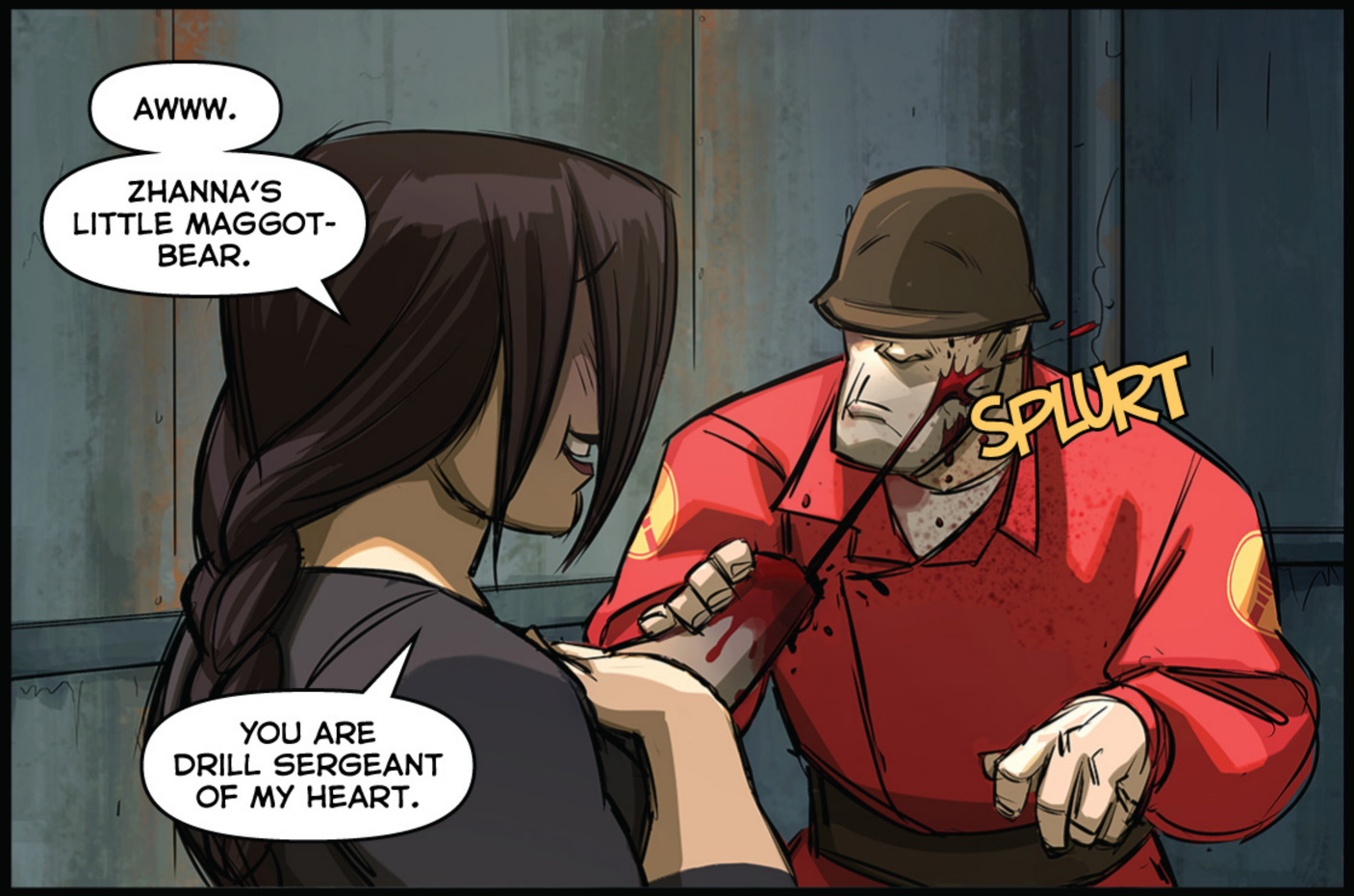
YES. I TRY THIS TRICK.

IT DID NOT WORK. IT JUST HURT MY THUMB.

THEN HOW DID YOU...

THUMB DOES NOT HURT ANYMORE.

NOW I AM HANDLESS MONSTER...
WHAT? NO!
SON, YOU LOOK *RAVISHING!* DO YOU HEAR ME, YOU PIECE OF GARBAGE? *YOU ARE RAVISHING!*
I DID NOT KNOW THEY *STACKED* RAVISHING THAT HIGH!


AWWW.
ZHANNA'S LITTLE MAGGOT-BEAR.
YOU ARE DRILL SERGEANT OF MY HEART.
SPLURT

SWEETIE, I COULD BERATE YOU WITH SWEET NOTHINGS ALL DAY...
...BUT YOU ARE LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD. LET ME MAKE YOU A TOURNIQUET.

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THERRRE WE GO!

DON'T SWEAT THIS, I LOSE HANDS ALL THE TIME.

YOU JUST SEW IT BACK ON, DRINK A LOT OF BEER, AND WHEN YOU COME TO, YOU'RE BACK IN THE BOTH-HANDS BUSINESS.

SEE? GOOD AS NEW!

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flop

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NORMALLY THAT IS EXCRUCIATING.

LUCKILY ALL MY BODY'S PAIN RECEPTORS ARE BUSY IN MY MOUTH RIGHT NOW.

COME ON, LET'S GO BREAK OUT THE OTHERS.

YES. WE MUST STOP MISS PAULING.

SHE IS WEAK. SHE WILL TALK.

WAIT...

TAKE...

...TAKE ME WITH YOU...

SOLDIER! THERE IS MUMMY IN ROOM WITH US!

OHHH, I KNEW THIS DAY WOULD COME.

QUICKLY, ZHANNA! GO FIND ME SOME HONEY WHILE I TAKE MY PANTS OFF!

YES! I WILL ALSO TAKE PANTS OFF!

I DON'T... HAVE MUCH TIME LEFT.

I'M BEGGING YOU...

PLEASE KEEP YOUR PANTS ON.

STAND DOWN, ZHANNA. THIS MIGHT NOT BE A MUMMY.

IT'S LIKE A DAGGER IN MY CHEST EVERY TIME I TRY TO TALK...

...BUT I MUST SAY THIS.

BOTH OF YOU ARE MORONS.

YOU MUST... TAKE ME TO PAULING.

PLEASE.

FOR THE LOVE A' GOD, DUNNAE DO THIS.

I'M *BEGGIN'* YE.

PLEASE.

FOR THE LOVE A' GOD, DUNNAE DO THIS.

I'M *BEGGIN'* YE.

TAVISH, I'M LEAVING YOU.

AWWW, LIVER, COME ON. I *LOVE* YE!

I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YE, YE KNOW THAT!

NOT MY PROBLEM.

I AM WALKING OUT OF YOUR RECTUM AND INTO A BETTER LIFE.

ACH! YOU'LL COME CRAWLIN' BACK UP SOON ENOUGH.

HEART. STOP PUMPIN' BLOOD. I'VE GOT A *REAL* JOB FOR YE.

I'M ON IT, SIR!

I'LL HELP TOO!

ALRIGHT. HEART, FIGURE OUT WHAT THE LIVER DID.

LUNGS, YOU GUARD MY RECTUM. LIVER AIN'T WELCOME HERE ANYMORE.

POOR GUY. WHAT'D THEY DOSE HIM WITH? SODIUM PENTATHOL?

SOLID FOOD AND WATER.

HIS BODY'S SPENT TEN YEARS WRESTLING NUTRIENTS OUT OF GRAIN ALCOHOL AND ASPIRIN.

I EXPECT IT THINKS IT'S BEEN POISONED.

:SIGH:

YOU GOT ANY TINY LOCKPICKS IN THOSE FAKE TEETH OF YOURS?

SADLY, NO. I WENT THROUGH MOST OF MY MOUTH INVENTORY IN TEUFORT.

UNLESS YOU CAN UNLOCK MANACLES WITH A MINIATURE PASSPORT AND THE WORLD'S SMALLEST ROLL OF TOILET PAPER, I THINK WE'RE STUCK HERE.

I HAVE SCREWED THIS UP ***SO*** BAD, HAVEN'T I?

OH, DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP TOO MUCH.

DURING YOUR TENURE AS OUR SUPERVISOR, ONLY ***ONE*** OF US HAS DIED AS A RESULT OF YOUR DECISION-MAKING.

STATISTICALLY, THAT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.

OF COURSE, WE'LL ***ALL*** BE DEAD WITHIN THE HOUR.

SO IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, THIS MOMENT IS ACTUALLY THE ***HIGH*** POINT OF THE REMAINDER—

SOB
:SNIFF:
MISS PAULING...
I WILL NOT LET THEM TORTURE US.
IN THREE SECONDS, I'M GOING TO CRACK A CYANIDE MOLAR.
IF YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH, I'LL SPIT HALF OF IT INTO YOUR THROAT BEFORE MY HEART STOPS.
THANK YOU, SPY.
DE RIEN.

SOB

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RRRRRRARGH!

WHAM

:PANT:

:PANT:

WHAT DID HEAVY MISS?

HEAVY! THANK GOD! WHERE'S SCOUT?

PFFFFFFFF

BREAKING OUT THE OTHERS.

ALRIGHT! THIS IS GOOD. WE'RE BACK IN THE GAME. WE JUST NEED TO ESCAPE, AND...

NO.

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF ROBOTS PATROLLING THIS ISLAND.

I BARELY MADE IT HERE ON MY OWN.

IF WE TRY TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT, WE ALL DIE. IF WE TRY TO SNEAK OUT, THEY WILL SPOT US. AND WE ALL DIE.

BUT... HEAVY, WE'RE SO CLOSE!

WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

NO. WE DO NOT.

YOU MUST ESCAPE, MISS PAULING.

GET TO THE ADMINISTRATOR AND COMPLETE THIS MISSION.

I WILL STAY BEHIND AND MAKE DISTRACTION.

AGAINST AN ARMY? HEAVY, YOU'D ONLY BUY US A FEW SECONDS!

YOU WILL HAVE TIME.

I CAN MAKE VERY BIG DISTRACTION.

LET'S JUST... LET'S JUST THINK ABOUT THIS, OKAY? WE COULD...

MISS PAULING. IT IS ONLY WAY.

I...

MIKHAIL, WE ACCEPT. IT IS A VERY NOBLE GESTURE.

IT WILL ALSO BE A COMPLETELY ***IRRELEVENT*** ONE IF WE STAND AROUND BEING ***TOUCHED*** BY IT ALL DAY.

WE NEED TO LEAVE ***RIGHT NOW.*** SOMEONE UNCHAIN ME.

RIGHT. LEAN FORWARD.

LOOK, HEAVY, IF YOU...

WHEN YOU MEET BACK UP WITH US, THE COORDINATES ARE 32.3451° NORTH, 106.5614° WEST.

THAT'S WHERE THE ADMINISTRATOR TOLD ME TO FIND HER.

I CAN'T BUDGE THIS. HEAVY, CAN YOU...

RINNNNNNNNNNNG

WHAT THE HELL IS...

HEAVY, BEHIND YOU!

RINNNNNNNNNNNG

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WHAT THE HELL IS...

HEAVY, BEHIND YOU!

I AM *WORKING* HERE.

URGENT CALL. IT'S THE BOSS.

WHAT.

YES, I HEARD IT. WHY–

WHEN? IS BEATRICE ALRIGHT?

⁘SIGH⁘ NO, I CAN HELP. WE GOT WHAT WE NEEDED. 32.3451° NORTH, 106.5614° WEST.

I'VE GOT TO GO.

WHAT ABOUT THESE GUYS?

WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?

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WHAT ABOUT THESE GUYS?

WHAT DO ***YOU*** THINK?

KILL THEM.

KLUDGE
HM.
IT DID NOT WORK.
HUH.
HERE, HOLD THE SHOTGUN.
LET ME TRY.

KLUDGE

HM.

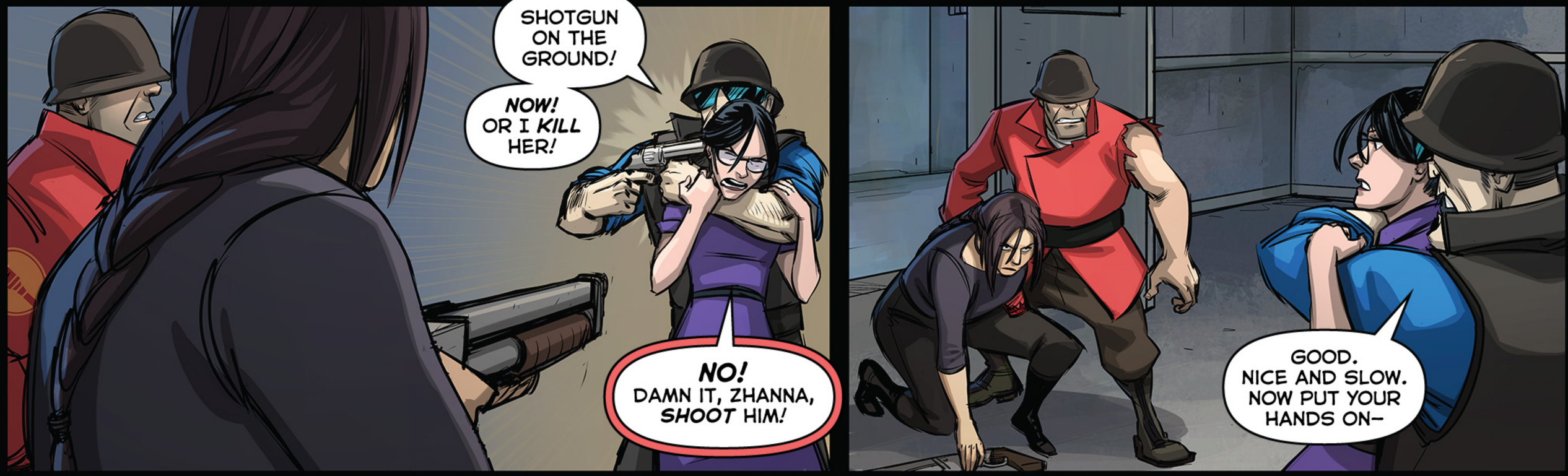
IT DID NOT WORK.

HUH.

HERE, HOLD THE SHOTGUN.

LET ME TRY.

NECK SNAP!


SHOTGUN ON THE GROUND!
NOW! OR I KILL HER!
NO! DAMN IT, ZHANNA, SHOOT HIM!
GOOD. NICE AND SLOW. NOW PUT YOUR HANDS ON–

SHOTGUN ON THE GROUND!

NOW! OR I *KILL* HER!

NO! DAMN IT, ZHANNA, *SHOOT* HIM!

GOOD. NICE AND SLOW. NOW PUT YOUR HANDS ON–

WHAM

TONK

THUD

HELLO.

GLGK
GLK

:GLGK:
:GLK:
NICE PUNCHING, SWEETIE.
WAIT, DID YOU KILL MISS PAULING?
YES. IT IS A TRAGEDY.
:GLK:

:GLGK:
:GLK:
NICE PUNCHING, SWEETIE.
WAIT, DID YOU KILL MISS PAULING?
YES. IT IS A TRAGEDY.
YOU... DON'T WANT TO CHECK FOR A PULSE, OR...
NO, SHE IS GONE. WE SHOULD FREE THE OTHERS.

:GLGK:

:GLK:

NICE PUNCHING, SWEETIE.

WAIT, DID YOU KILL MISS PAULING?

YES. IT IS A TRAGEDY.

YOU... DON'T WANT TO CHECK FOR A PULSE, OR...

NO, SHE IS GONE. WE SHOULD FREE THE OTHERS.

JAB

:GASP:

ZHANNA, GOOD NEWS!

I POKED MISS PAULING AND HER HEART STARTED!

SHE'S *ALIVE* AGAIN!

THAT IS FINE.

HERE, THIS STUPID SACK OF CRAP WANTED TO TALK TO YOU BEFORE HE DIED.

ZHANNA, LOOK! THEY'VE GOT A *TOILET* IN HERE!

WOW. THIS... IS NICE TOILET.

YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'. THESE MAGGOTS GOT THE *PENTHOUSE* TORTURE CHAMBER.

DEAR GOD, THERE'S EVEN A *HOLE* IN THE BOTTOM! THEY MUST HAVE STOLEN THIS TOILET FROM THE *PRESIDENT*! WE'RE GOING TO BE *HEROES!*

LET'S CLEAN UP THAT SEVERED HAND OF YOURS. I DON'T THINK THE PRESIDENT WILL MIND.

SO...

YOU COST US OUR *JOBS.*

YOU HIRED A GANG OF MANIACS TO CABDURE AND TORTURE US.

YOU GOT SNIBER *KILLED.*

AND NOW THAT YOU'RE *DYING*, YOU WANT US TO...

HELB YOU.

:COUGH:

IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

YOU... KNOW WE *HATE* YOU, RIGHT?

AHEH.

I'M SORRY. I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE. BUT *REALLY*.

WHAT WOULD *EITHER* OF YOU KNOW ABOUT *HATE*.

DO YOU HAVE ANY *IDEA* WHAT A MAN OF MY *INTELLIGENCE* COULD HAVE *DONE* TO THIS WORLD...

...IF I'D GOTTEN THAT AUSTRALIUM *FIRST*?

BUT I *DON'T* HAVE IT.

SHE DOES.

AND AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, SHE'S *SMARTER* THAN ME.

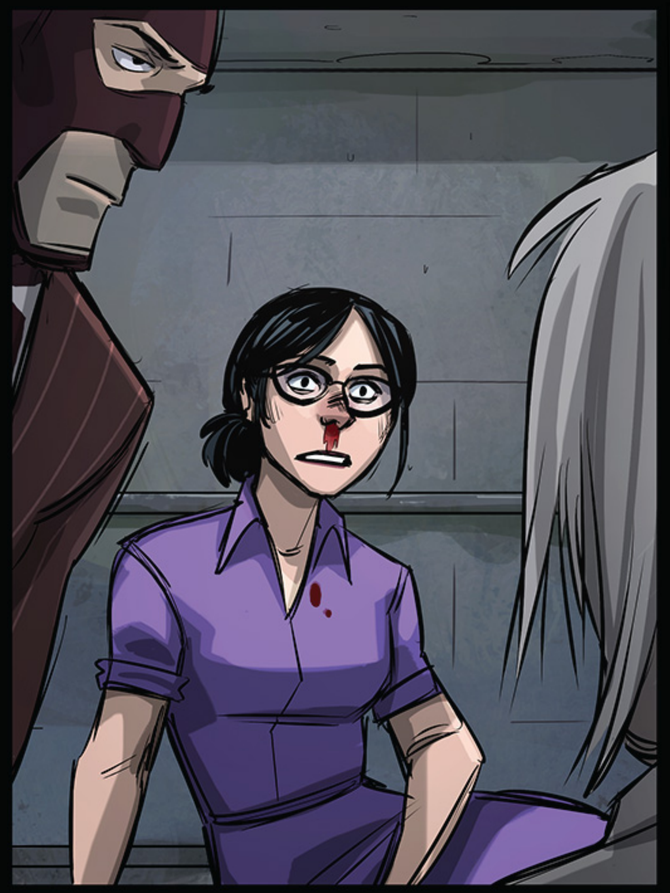
I THINK SHE MIGHT EVEN BE *ANGRIER*.

WHATEVER *DESPICABLE* THINGS YOU THINK I WOULD HAVE *DONE* WITH THAT POWER...

YOU'RE RIGHT.

AND I PROMISE YOU, WHAT SHE'S PLANNING IS *WORSE*.

STOP HER.



STOB HER?

WHY WOULD I STOB HER?

I'VE WORKED FOR HER MY WHOLE LIFE.

I'VE LIED FOR HER.

FRAMED BEEBLE FOR HER.

KILLED BEEBLE FOR HER.

DO YOU THINK I'D DO ALL THAT IF I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE IS?

WHAT SHE'S CABABLE OF?

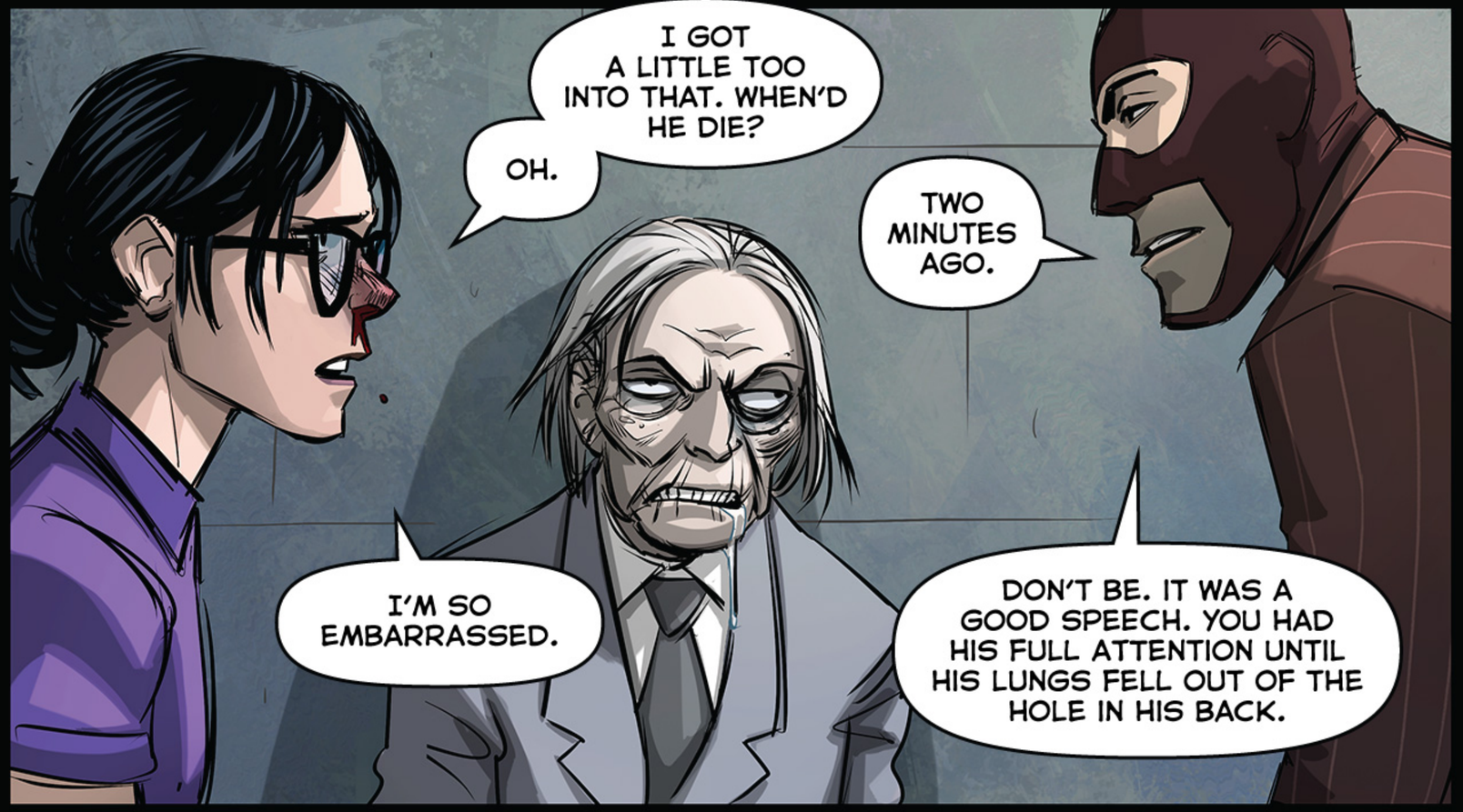
DO YOU THINK I'M SOME KIND OF STUBID BAWN HERE?

MISS PAULING.

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT SHE COULD DO WITH THAT KIND OF BOWER.

AND I'LL BE RIGHT THERE WITH HER WHEN SHE DOES IT, YOU OLD...

:COUGH: MISS PAULING.


I GOT A LITTLE TOO INTO THAT. WHEN'D HE DIE?
OH.
TWO MINUTES AGO.
I'M SO EMBARRASSED.
DON'T BE. IT WAS A GOOD SPEECH. YOU HAD HIS FULL ATTENTION UNTIL HIS LUNGS FELL OUT OF THE HOLE IN HIS BACK.

I GOT A LITTLE TOO INTO THAT. WHEN'D HE DIE?

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YOU'VE ***LIED*** FOR HER, THEN.

I, UH... TO... OTHER... BEEBLE.

NOT YOU.

MM.

YES, OF COURSE.

YES. DEFINITELY DEAD.

FOR AT *LEAST* SIX HOURS.

HRM.

YES. DEFINITELY DEAD.

FOR AT *LEAST* SIX HOURS.

HRM.

COO

WELL, NOT *IMPOSSIBLE,* ARCHIMEDES.

JUST *VERY VERY* HARD.

GOD'S SECRET BASE, HEAVEN.

BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO GO.

I WANT TO STAY *HERE*.

WITH YOU.

GOD'S SECRET BASE, HEAVEN.

BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO GO.

I WANT TO STAY *HERE*.

WITH YOU.

AND WE *WANT* YA TA STAY, DEAR.

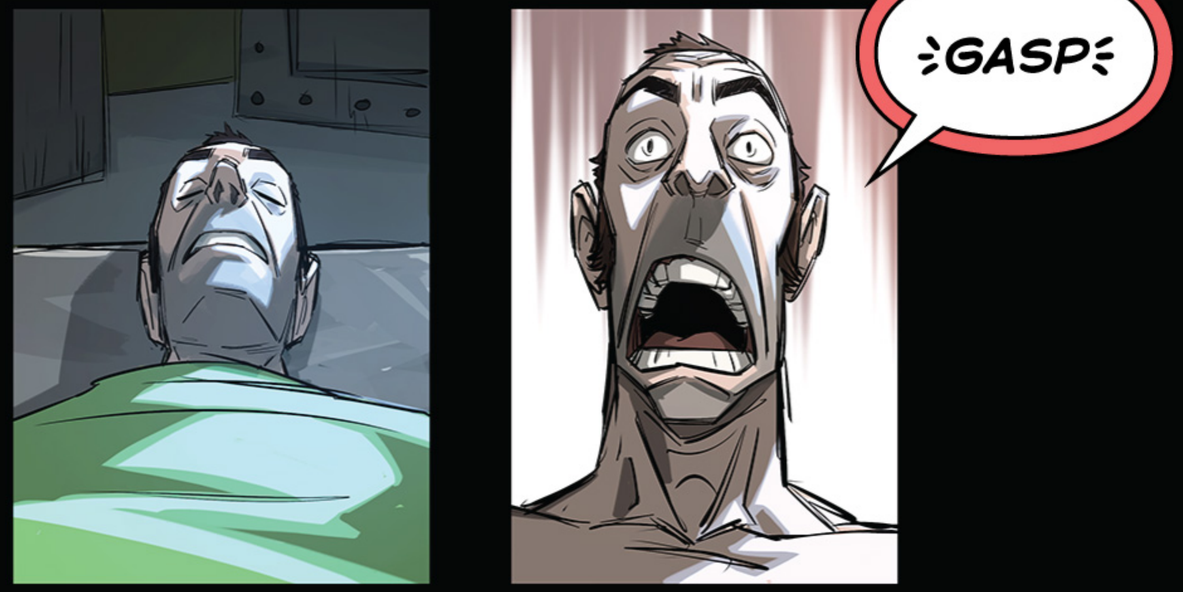
BUT YOU LEFT A LOT OF ROTTEN @#$%S DOWN THERE THAT NEED *KILLIN'*.

YER MUM'S RIGHT.

A PROFESSIONAL WOULDN'T QUIT WHEN THERE'S STILL *WORK* TO BE DONE.

AND YOU *ARE* A PROFESSIONAL, SON.

NOW GET BACK THERE AND GIVE 'EM *HELL*.


GASP

:GASP:

BLOODY *HELL*...

AH! GOOD. YOU SURVIVED THE PROCEDURE.

I WAS WORRIED THERE WOULD BE NO WITNESSES TO MY ***CROWNING MEDICAL ACHIEVEMENT!***

IT'S LIKE I'VE ALWAYS SAID! THERE'S NOTHING ***WRONG*** WITH PLAYING GOD, SO LONG AS YOU ARE ***GOOD*** AT–

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GRAB

SMASH

YOU UTTER... BLOODY...

BASTARD.

SMASH

YOU UTTER... BLOODY...

BASTARD.

YOU *KILLED* ME!

WELL, YES. I ALSO DID JUST BRING YOU ***BACK FROM THE DEAD.*** PARTIAL POINTS THERE, *JA?*

ALSO, TECHNICALLY I DIDN'T "***KILL***" YOU. I WAS STANDING ***NEXT*** TO THE PERSON WHO KILLED YOU.

YOU WERE ***SMILIN'.***

THE LAST THING I ***SAW*** 'FORE I BLED OUT AND ***DIED*** WAS YOUR SMUG, EVIL GRIN!

I WAS HAPPY TO SEE YOU! THAT'S JUST HOW I ***LOOK*** WHEN I SMILE! SMUG AND EVIL!

SMASH

YOU UTTER... BLOODY...

BASTARD.

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YOU WERE ***SMILIN'.***

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SEE?

I WAS HAPPY TO SEE YOU! THAT'S JUST HOW I ***LOOK*** WHEN I SMILE! SMUG AND EVIL!

HOW COULD YOU JOIN *THEM*?

OUR TEAM *DISBANDED*. THEY NEEDED A MEDIC!

BLACK MARKET ORGANS DON'T MARCH DIRECTLY OUT OF EXOTIC ANIMALS INTO YOUR BODY CAVITY. MY EXPERIMENTS REQUIRE *FUNDING*.

I FEEL LIKE WE ARE GLOSSING OVER THE PART WHERE I DEFIED MODERN MEDICINE AND BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE.

HOW... LONG WAS I GONE?

TWELVE HOURS!

THIS WAS MY GREATEST TRIUMPH!

IT ALSO COST MY EMPLOYERS SOMEWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF 1.3 BILLION DOLLARS. SO TRY NOT TO GET SHOT AGAIN.

SO IT WAS *REAL*, THEN. ME MUM AND DAD, THEY'RE...

D'YER KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?

IT MEANS YOU HALLUCINATED BEFORE BRAIN DEATH, MEIN FREUND.

I INJECTED A BLUE WHALE'S PINEAL GLAND DIRECTLY INTO YOUR BRAIN STEM.

NAH, MATE.

IT MEANS I'M THE *MOST DANGEROUS BLOODY MAN* ON THIS ISLAND.

I *KNOW* WHAT'S WAITIN' FOR ME WHEN I KARK IT.

I AIN'T AFRAID TO *DIE*.

'CEPT NOT JUST YET.

BEIN' DEAD'S THE LONGEST HOLIDAY I EVER TOOK.

TIME TO GET BACK TO *WORK*.

OUT OF THE QUESTION. YOU ARE IN NO CONDITION TO...

YOU ARE @#$%@#$%ING KIDDIN' ME.

WHY.

IS HE.

ALIVE?

OH! HA HA HA... WELL.

EVERY DOCTOR NEEDS A CADAVER OR TWO FOR HIS EXPERIMENTS.

I CANNOT HELP IT IF I AM *TOO* GOOD AT MY JOB, JA?

YOU ARE @#$%@#$%ING KIDDIN' ME.

WHY.

IS HE.

ALIVE?

ARCHIMEDES! GET OFF THAT MAN'S SHOULDER! IT'S FIL–

GRAB

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ARCHIMEDES!

SNIPER, *QUICKLY!* I NEED SOME OF YOUR BLOOD!

BUT... I'VE GOT *HUMAN* BLOOD, NOT PIGEON...

AHEH... ABOUT THAT...

ACH. NEVERMIND. THERE IS NO TIME FOR A TRANSFUSION ANYWAY.

FOR THE RECORD, I WAS ***AGAINST*** HIRIN' YOUR CRAZY ASS.

FIRST THING YOU DID WHEN YOU GOT HERE WAS SPEND OUR ***ENTIRE MEDICAL BUDGET*** ON ZOO PARTS.

AND I DIDN'T SAY ***NOTHIN'***.

WHAM

THEN YOU STARTED ***EXPERIMENTIN'*** ON US. PUTTIN' GOD KNOWS ***WHAT*** IN US. WITHOUT ***MY*** SAY-SO.

AND I DIDN'T SAY ***NOTHIN'***.

NOW YOU'VE BLOWN THROUGH ALL THE CRAP YOU SPENT ***OUR MONEY ON*** SAVIN' A GUY WE ***SHOT***.

JA! HE WAS DEAD FOR ***TWELVE–***

PZ-ZARP

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PZ-ZARP

WE **SHOT** HIM!

TWICE!

THAT MEANS WE WANTED HIM ***DEAD***, YOU USELESS KRAUT $@#$%!

RINNNNNNNNNNNG

WHAT NOW...

I AM NOT IN THE MOOD RIGHT NOW.

WHAT?

WHEN?

ROUND UP THE TEAM. I'M ON MY WAY.

SOMETHING WRONG?

YOUR @#$%ING FRIENDS JUST KILLED THREE GOOD MEN.

WE'RE MOVING OUT.

FINALLY! SOME ***FIELD WORK!*** I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND Y—

THE ***HELL*** YOU WILL. I NEED ***MERCS*** OUT THERE. NOT NURSES.

YOU WANNA BE USEFUL? KILL ***HIM.***

RIGHT. OF COURSE ***HE*** ESCAPED TOO. WHY THE @#$% NOT.

WHAP

SKSH

LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT, FRANKENSTEIN. YOU'RE ON *OUR* PAYROLL.

AND FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE GONNA DO WHAT YOU'RE *TOLD*.

ORGANIZE SOME BANDAIDS. FEED YOUR BIRDS. DO *SOME* @#$%ING THING.

JUST DON'T LEAVE THIS ROOM.

COO

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COO

HRM.

YES, ARCHIMEDES.

I COULDN'T AGREE MORE.

CAN YOU HEAR ME OUT THERE, REJECTS?

I BET YOU CAN.

SO, DID YOU KNOW GRAY MANN WAS GONNA *INVADE AUSTRALIA*?

FIRST I COULDN'T FIGURE IT. THERE AIN'T NO AUSTRALIUM *THERE* ANYMORE. YOUR OLD LADY TOOK IT.

BUT SEE, THERE *IS* SOME LEFT. IT JUST AIN'T IN ANY MINE.

IT'S IN THE *PEOPLE*.

SPY!

DID YOU FIND A WAY OUT?

TECHNICALLY, YES.

YOU CAN JUST MAKE IT OUT BEHIND THE OCEAN OF ROBOTS.

HE BUILT AN ARMY OF *LEECH ROBOTS TO SUCK THE AUSTRALIUM* RIGHT OUTTA THEIR BLOOD STREAMS.

NOW, YOU AIN'T *GOT* ANY AUSTRALIUM IN YA.

I KNOW THAT.

AND *YOU* KNOW THAT.

BUT *THESE* THINGS DON'T KNOW THAT.

SO I TOLD 'EM TO JUST KEEP SUCKIN' OUT YOUR BLOOD AND GUTS AND BONES 'TILL THEY *FIND* SOME.

YOU KILLED SOME GOOD SOLDIERS TODAY. FRIENDS OF MINE.

I HOPE THIS HURTS.

TO BE CONTINUED

(ONLY TWO ISSUES LEFT!)